

The Woman's Column.

VOL. XV.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

No. 20.

The Woman's Column.

Published Fortnightly at Boston, Mass.

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Subscription . . . 25 cents per annum
Advertising Rates . . 25 cents per line.

Entered as second class matter at the Boston, Mass.
Post Office, Jan. 18, 1888.

WOMEN AND THE COAL STRIKE.

The coal strike ought to put an end forever to one favorite argument against equal suffrage, viz., that women are manifestly unfit to vote because they have not solved the domestic service problem. Men as well as women have trouble with their "help," and it is apt to be trouble of a more violent and disastrous kind.

THE FEWEST SPINSTERS.

The new census reveals the interesting fact that Wyoming contains the smallest proportion of unmarried women to unmarried men of any State in the Union. And Wyoming is the only State where women have had the full ballot for the past thirty-three years. What now becomes of the argument that if women could vote they would not be willing to marry, or would become so unattractive that men would not wish to marry them? Behold, Wyoming has the smallest proportion of spinsters to bachelors among all the forty-five States!

"THE IGNORANT VOTE."

It is objected that woman suffrage would add to the ignorant vote. Statistics published by the National Bureau of Education show that the public high schools of every State in the Union are graduating more girls than boys—some of them twice or three times as many.

In 1899, the public high schools of the States classed by the Bureau of Education as the North Atlantic Division (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania) graduated 6,856 boys and 11,489 girls.

The South Atlantic Division (Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida) graduated 862 boys and 1,764 girls.

The South Central Division (Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory) graduated 1,086 boys and 2,295 girls.

The North Central Division (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas) graduated 10,457 boys and 18,597 girls.

The Western Division (Montana, Wy-

oming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California) graduated 1,083 boys and 1,979 girls.

In the whole United States the public high schools in 1899 graduated 20,344 boys and 36,124 girls. In 1898 the whole number of boys in attendance at public high schools was 189,187; of girls, 260,413.

Instead of adding to the power of the ignorant vote, it is clear that equal suffrage would increase the proportion of voters who have received more than an elementary education.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

A COLORADO CANDIDATE.

Mrs. Alice M. Ruble, who has just been nominated on the Democratic ticket for the Colorado House of Representatives, has lived in that State for thirty years. During that time, it is said, she has made a host of warm friends by her gracious, kind and womanly bearing. She has held many positions of honor and trust. She is secretary of the Jane Jefferson Democratic Club, has been secretary of the social science department of the Woman's Club of Denver, and has served on the board of directors of the State Industrial School for Girls. The scene was animated when Mrs. Ruble was chosen in the Democratic Convention of Arapahoe County (Denver), and showed how far it is from being true that women receive less consideration when they have votes. Eleven Representatives were to be nominated. Gen. John Charles Thompson made a speech advocating the nomination of women for two of the places, and urging especially the choice of Mrs. Ruble. Miss Edith McAtee, president of one of the Democratic women's clubs, recommended that no woman should be placed upon the ticket. "You have given the ladies 50 per cent. of the appointive offices, and that should be enough," she said. But the convention was of a different opinion. Mrs. Ruble, Mrs. Mary J. Wygant, Mrs. Imogene Golder Clarke and Mrs. Harriet G. R. Wright were all nominated by their friends, and so were a large number of men. After the nominating speeches were all made, Gen. John W. Browning moved that a woman should be chosen before they began to ballot on the men. State Senator John A. Rush and Congressman Shafroth spoke in support of the motion, and it was carried without a dissenting vote. The convention proceeded to ballot on the four ladies. Mrs. Ruble had 339 votes, Mrs. Wygant 168, Mrs. Wright 107, and Mrs. Clarke 99. Mrs. Ruble's nomination was then made unanimous. It is interesting to note that two Generals took the leading part in urging the nomination of a woman. It has often been observed that military men are apt to look with espe-

cial scorn on the argument that women ought not to be allowed to have a voice in public affairs because they do not fight.

TWO COLLEGE GIRL BAKERS.

One of the most attractive features of the women's department at the Mechanics' Fair just opened in this city is the exhibit of the Laboratory Kitchen, the model bakery which has been conducted in Cambridge during the past year by two young college women, one a South Carolinian, the other a Canadian. Instead of pressing into the overcrowded ranks of the teaching profession, these two educated girls have had the courage and originality to undertake to supply the community with absolutely pure and wholesome bread, made on strictly scientific principles. As one of them well said: "It is rather an unusual occupation for college women to go into, but the world needs the common necessities done well."

Miss Bertha Stevenson graduated at Converse College, South Carolina, making a specialty of chemistry, and then took a year of post-graduate study at Radcliffe. She is small and exquisitely fair, with hair of the palest possible blond shade, a rare tint, enabling one to realize the meaning of the famous "ash-colored blond" tresses of some great historical beauties. Her coloring suggests a very nice, lightly baked, golden brown rusk; but her little face is full of keen intelligence. Her assistant, Miss Frances Elliot of Toronto, is a doctor's daughter, strong, rosy, and robust—a picture of health and sweet, wholesome womanliness. Giving her demonstration lectures on bread-making, in her pretty white cap and apron, she is a sight to rejoice the eyes. She took a special course in chemistry at the University of Toronto. In addition to making common bread beautifully, these young women manufacture malted bread and bread-sticks, which are said to be especially easy of digestion. As might be expected of college girls of more than average good sense, both Miss Stevenson and Miss Elliot are believers in equal suffrage, and the little South Carolinian is even enthusiastic on the subject.

Mrs. Adelaide L. Smith, of Eldora, Ia., has a remarkably fine collection of Eugene Field's mementoes, books, letters, and manuscripts. In her collection is a copy of an interesting autobiography, written by Mr. Field a few months before his death, for private distribution, and which was never publicly printed. In this, Mr. Field writes: "I dislike 'politics' so called. I should like to have the privilege of voting extended to women." Again: "I recall with pride that in twenty-two years of active journalism I have always written in reverential praise of womankind."

A FOGGY NIGHT AND A SUFFRAGE BEACON AT NORTH READING.

We met at the North Station, Boston, in the gloaming:—Miss Ida E. Hall and her rosy college sister and myself. At the train-gates was waiting Mr. George H. Page of Brookline,—tall and dark, and Van Dyck, and distinguished. We were proud to annex him to our suffrage expedition, and all adjourned to the 6.04 express.

The rain had ceased. But fog, fog, fog. London outdone. Not possible for engineer to see signal lights and things. Railroad accidents likely. We felt like soldiers risking our lives for a Cause. At least, I did.

Miss Ida Hall, with red cheeks and shining eyes, was engrossed in the excitement of a suffrage-meeting manager who doesn't know whether there will be any audience or not. She said there was a gambler-like uncertainty about it, and she liked it. Rosy College Sister, calm and happy. Sympathetic, but untroubled. Mr. Page, in distant shadowy seat, continued to look like a Spanish grandee, travelling incognito.

Railroad trip ended at last in safety. Dark now instead of gloaming, and fog dense as cotton wool.

Suffrage expedition makes flying connection with local trolley line, and plunges terrifically into the fog again.

After a few miles we reach our destination, only to learn that it is the bourne from which no traveller returns on the same evening, unless he catches the 9.30 trolley back to the station. Bad news this. Serious news for the suffrage organizers. A hurried confab on the subject. Orders given by the manageress to cut down all speeches one-third, get up speed and change tempo from *moderato* to *allegretto vivace*, in order to get through in time to organize the new League.

Organize a League! Well, at that rate, it would have to be done like one of those tricks in Eastern magic, where they sow the seed in a flower-pot, and make it sprout, shoot, stalk, leaf, bud, and blossom while you are looking at it. Moreover, it was a feat impossible to the human imagination to conjure a suffrage audience out of the surrounding dream-world of uninhabited Night and Fog.

North Reading is a fine old town, and has sent forth some shining lights into the world,—but it has, as yet, no lights a-shining in its streets at night. Right in this place, of course, no well-trained suffragist would omit to suggest that perhaps if the women of North Reading could have voted street lights into their town, those lamps would have been twinkling there *lang syne*.

But, as it was, Night and Primeval Darkness blotted the visible universe from sight. We seemed to tread upon a vast and silent plain, buried in impenetrable fog, and wholly uninhabited.

At this juncture, Mr. Page offered to bet Miss Ida Hall one large red apple that she would not get fifteen people out to her meeting. Miss Hall refrained from venturing this reckless wager. But Rosy Sister, in a fine optimistic spirit, casting all caution to the fog, bet three to one upon the other side. Three apples.

A cheery voice next hailed us through the dark, and a red blob of lantern-light danced toward us. It was our guide and shepherd, Mr. Hoffman, the genial minister of the church wherein our meeting was to meet, and him we followed, as he steered by some invisible compass, in an unknown direction, through the gloom. Piloting faithful followers through the gloom of Spiritual Night being quite in his line, he cheered us on our way, and brought us safely to a halt somewhere in the uncharted sea of fog.

"This is our church," he said, waving the lantern aloft. "And it's a pity you can't see it better. We're rather proud of it. The architecture is quite excellent. Greek; on the Parthenon idea." We peered aloft—and sure enough! There loomed in beauty out of the mist and darkness, a phantom temple, in the old, fair, immortal form, beloved of Athens, and of all peoples and all ages since.

Entered we next our lecture room. And here we were restored at last into the world of realities once more. Lamps all lighted, hopefully. Two glowing bouquets of autumn flowers adding a fine splash of royal scarlets and crimsons to the picture. Expectant rows of empty settees, and a clock showing the hour to be near at hand. Then present, only the gracious wife of our minister, three or four little girls, and two fair maidens,—twins. The twins were so exactly alike, we didn't know whether to count them one or two. It was clear that Mr. Page would claim that they were one, and Rosy College Sister would insist on two.

Our cheery minister now doubts, still cheerily, if we shall get an audience. Recounts the facts of rain all day, and fog at night in pitch-dark roads, and actual danger in the coming.

One member of the Suffrage Expedition is calmly certain that no meeting would have power to draw her forth into such Stygian blackness and such perilous fog, were she an unconverted citizen of North Reading. But the undaunted little manageress and Mr. Page proceed to distribute suffrage literature along the empty benches, with a fine trust in "futures," beautiful to behold.

And hark! What's that? Footsteps outside.

Faith is to be rewarded. People are surely coming up the steps.

And one by one, and twos and threes, a dauntless little audience actually begins to appear. It is soon apparent that Mr. Page has lost his bet beyond peradventure, whether the twins are counted one or two. But he conceals his feelings with a fine Castilian gravity, and keeps on giving out WOMAN'S JOURNALS, while Rosy College Sister, with a magnanimity ever observable in connection with the Higher Education of Women, refrains from gloating over man or apple. The ancient combination. Pretty well for Eve's daughter!

And now, at last, our meeting was fairly under way.

Outside, the smothering fog besieged us round about, but within, snug and cosy, we were lighting the beacon fire of suffrage and watching its bright reflection shine on the faces, and in all the eyes before us—glad to think how far even our

"little candle" would throw its beams into the night.

Miss Hall made a fine, ringing opening address, setting forth the legal and political disabilities of women, and the reasons why they ever were, and why they still exist, and what the remedy therefor alone can be. It was fine to see the closely attentive faces and the eager interest of her listeners. Next, your devoted subscriber piped her little lay on the domestic side of the question, and gave them "Bachelors' Hall in Politics," which they seemed also to enjoy most heartily. And then Mr. Page took the floor and made an admirable address, serving up history and modern instance, gravity and wit, refuting all the popular objections, administering plain reproach and stirring appeals to the sense of public duty, in good measure and with strong effect.

And last,—last came the star performance of the whole evening. Then came the Feat of Magic. Then came Miss Ida Hall, to do the leaf, sprout, twig, bud and blossom trick,—with that 9.30 trolley like a haunting spectre, ever before her mind's eye. Knowing her inveterate modesty, and her New England habit of understatement, sure am I that you will never hear from her whata "stunning" exhortation she delivered there and then. "Oh, what a charge she made!" How she aroused them! The little lecture-room vibrated with her fiery earnestness. And the dear mother, sitting there among the people, said afterwards, "I saw the very gleam of Grandfather Hall's eye!"

So did the audience see it. And they felt it, too; and when, with a last glance at the clock, our fiery, sparkling manageress had to cut short her flow of eloquence; when she asked all present to rise who found themselves in sympathy with what had been said during the evening, up rose a prompt and handsome majority without a moment's hesitation.

It is always like that, you know. There is plenty of kindling around everywhere, just waiting for us to touch a match.

Then a few hurried minutes, hasty plans and consultation about the organization of a League, followed by hearty handshakes, congratulations, the bestowal of the two gorgeous bouquets upon the lady speakers of the evening, and then forth started the expedition into the night again, piloted, as before, by the cheery voice and bobbing lantern of our Spiritual Guide.

Just as before, he halted us at some particular spot in the fog, not different in any way that we could discern from any other spot along the route. There we stood talking Suffrage League in the small ruddy circle of the lantern light, till, presently, out of the sea of fog, with a dream-like effect of utter impossibility, came booming down upon us an electric car—the famous 9.30 trolley. Its light advancing gave us a brand-new surprise. Its showed the car track close beside our toes, where it had lain in ambush, unsuspected, all the while.

Another Alice in Wonderland effect! And ask me not how the Marvellous Man With The Lantern had ever got us there, exactly in the right spot at the terminal of the trolley-line, for you will never hear from me.

While we climbed on board, the blessed Man With The Lantern held, in his other hand, Miss Ida Hall's bouquet as well and, as we turned to say good-night, our cheery friend, standing there thus laden, in the halo of fog, looked for all the world as if he was enacting a literary charade—Sweetness and Light—the bouquet for sweetness, the lantern for light.

It cheered us to think how much his influence would do to guard the suffrage beacon of sweetness and of light which we had just kindled back there in the Village Parthenon.

Once again in the train and homeward bound, we recked no more of fogs and unseen danger signals and railroad accidents. There was a glow in all our hearts—the glow that comes from spending a few hours in the world's real service; and it expressed itself in a light, happy mood which made us want to be nonsensical to hide the deeper feeling. So we resolved ourselves into a Mutual Admiration Society. Miss Ida Hall told Mr. Page and me how fine and how invaluable we were, and what admirable addresses we had made. And then Mr. Page told Miss Hall and me how admirably fine we both had been. Next I told Miss Hall and Mr. Page how simply matchless had been their performances. And Rosy Sister capped it all by telling us how irresistible had been the influence of all three of us combined—and about women in the audience whom she had heard say with enthusiasm: "Well, there is one thing that I'm going to do this year, if I never did before. I'm going to vote!"

And then Miss Ida Hall (who is not easy, till she has handed on whatever nice thing she has, to be enjoyed by some one else) gave Mr. Page, to take to that Dear Some One At Home, the gorgeous North Reading bouquet. So when the train arrived in town at last, and our light-hearted expedition came once more under the fierce white glare that beats upon pedestrians at night on Causeway, the general public stopped and blinked its dazzled eyes at Mr. Page and me, laden with flowers of royal reds and crimsons of a hundred hues. They looked as if they thought that we must be the leading tenor and soprano of the Henry W. Savage Opera Co., at the very least.

They did not know those four quite happy-looking persons, saying good-night 'neath the electric lights of Causeway, were the returned North Reading suffrage expedition.

For it is as pleasant to go a-suffraging as even to go a-Maying, when you are sure you are helping, even a little, to fill the world with May.

HELEN ADELAIDE SHAW.

Sept. 30, 1902.

MRS. COOK, wife of the British governor of North Borneo, has an infant rhinoceros for a pet. It strayed out of the jungle one morning and was captured. The youngster consumes sixteen quarts of milk a day, and looks more like a peculiar species of hog with a horn on its nose than a "rhino." The animal is covered with shaggy black hair. It follows Mrs. Cook about like a dog.

HOW TO COOK WITHOUT COAL.

One quart of oil does the work of 120 pounds of anthracite coal, and does it better.

Fifty pounds of bread, meat and vegetables can be cooked with one quart of oil, in three charges, taking nine hours for the three, in the Aladdin Oven.

Any one who possesses ordinary capacity can make an Aladdin Oven, or a substitute.

These three sentences from a pamphlet by Edward Atkinson assume keen interest now that a coal famine is upon us.

The doctors had been telling the American people for years that they ate too much meat, but these admonitions were seldom heeded. The beef trust put up the prices, and that did what all the preaching of the doctors had failed to do—led thousands of people to the discovery that meat three times a day was not necessary, and that they were better without it.

For years the scientists have been telling us that food cooked long and slowly tastes better and is more digestible than food cooked quickly, and Count Rumford, Edward Atkinson, and others have been showing how, by a simple apparatus, most kinds of food could be prepared at less cost and with far less labor than by the ordinary cook-stove. Human nature is conservative; most people turned a deaf ear, clung to the troublesome and costly coal stove, ate imperfectly cooked food, and tried to cure their dyspepsia by taking patent medicines. Now that the coal stove stands idle for want of fuel, necessity may drive people to the improved method of cookery which only the intelligent and progressive few have hitherto been willing to try. If so, as in the case of the beef trust, some indirect good will come out of what at first seemed an unmixed evil.

Mr. Atkinson, in a pamphlet which he has been distributing gratis for years, gives the following directions for what he calls a "Boy's or Girl's Aladdin Oven," because he says any boy or girl with gumption can make it out of such waste materials as are generally to be found about any house:

Take an old wooden chair of which the legs are not broken; saw off the back. Turn the chair upside down.

Have a good factory hand lamp, consisting of a heavy font encased in tin, with a wick about two inches wide for a cracker-box oven of the size named. If larger boxes are found, a duplex burner will be the best. The Trench burner is the safest and most easily managed. The factory lamp and Trench burner can be had from the Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Company, Boston.

Get a sheet of tin or iron about two feet square and cut a hole in the middle about six inches square. Nail it to the chair legs. Turn the edges down so as not to cut yourself.

Take an old tin cracker box, 10 x 10 x 11 inches, or a bigger one if you can get it. Cut a round hole on one side, two and one half inches in diameter. Set that round hole over the hole in the sheet iron.

Get another old tin cracker box, about an inch smaller every way. Do not cut any hole in this. Put it inside the big box. Stand it on two supports, to be described later, so as to have a clear heat space all around the inner box.

Make a two-story wire frame, so as to be able to put two sets of cooking vessels into the oven, one set above the other.

Take an old felt tablecloth or an old blanket, and one or two voluminous Sunday papers. Stitch the Sunday papers into a pad to cover the oven, with a thickness of the old tablecloth inside and out. Use this like the cozy with which teapots are kept hot, so that it will fit loosely over the outside of the cracker-box oven. Protect the lower edges of the cozy which will rest on the iron table with some sheets of old tin, brass, or zinc, so as to prevent scorching the paper.

For cooking vessels or jars, china or stoneware are the best in the long run, avoiding corrosion.

The interspace for the circulation of hot air between the inner cracker box and the outer one may be from three-fourths to one and one-half inches.

Two slabs of soapstone or tile or of sheet metal made into an oblong square about eight inches long, two inches wide, and three-fourths to one inch high, according to the relative sizes of the two tin cracker boxes, should be placed on the bottom of the larger of the two tin cracker boxes, as supports for the smaller cracker-box to stand on.

Being thus equipped, put the food into the oven; close both the covers, which are to open sideways as doors. Put the cozy over the outside; light the lamp, with the flame low at first; place it under the hole as close up as may be without causing the lamp to smoke. Wait a few minutes for the wick-holder to heat, then put up the flame to the standard at which the lamp burns clear and bright. Then go out and play tennis, croquet, hockey, or marbles, or get your lessons until dinner is ready.

If you cannot find such old traps and tin boxes about the house, then use your own wits and find something else that will do.

Among the things suggested which may be used instead of the cracker-boxes are a half-barrel; a bucket or tub of indurated fibre, commonly known as a "paper" pail or tub; or an old tea-chest.

Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet includes a diagram which will be of much help in following the foregoing directions. Instructions are also given how to guard against fire, etc. The pamphlet can probably still be had free by sending a stamp for postage to Mr. Edward Atkinson, Heath Hill, Brookline, Mass. Any one who wishes a fuller account of the principles involved, with a great number of recipes and much other valuable information, should send for Mr. Atkinson's book, "The Science of Nutrition," published by Damrell & Upham, Boston, price, \$1.00.

The main principle is to box up heat in a jacket of non-conducting material. Almost every type of oven now used with the common gas or oil stoves can be jacketed and converted into an Aladdin Oven at very slight cost.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN ON MR. WATTERSON.

Mrs. J. K. Ottley, a prominent club woman of Georgia, discusses in the *Atlanta News* Henry Watterson's recent severe arraignment of the "Four Hundred," and their alleged growing tolerance of evil. She says:

Mr. Watterson has gotten hold of the tail-end of the dilemma. "Tolerance," growing or otherwise, is not the root of such conditions as he describes.

They have grown up under a régime of the most rigid intolerance, which must be answerable for them.

If the "tendencies of the times are lowering," if frivolous marriages multiply and the "marriage tie is increasingly desecrated," if the "increasing number of scandalous divorces" all mark the "increase of lawlessness," we must remember that these conditions have sprung from an exclusively prohibitive and sternly coercive social system, the main flaw in which seems to have been that it did not prohibit. Society has feared to trust the individual with liberty. If the individual has substituted license, does it not occur to us that our method has exploded on our hands? We might have suspected the decadence of the purely restrictive method from the fact that Christ, 2,000 years ago, never once said "Thou shalt not!"

That Mr. Watterson looks out on life with the eyes of an old man is nowhere more evident than in his failure to see the bearings of all he describes.

"If we would keep our women pure we must keep them ignorant, if not of evil, at least of dirt." That ignorance was purity was the prime contention of the system which has brought about the things he doesn't like. And why should men arbitrarily "keep women pure" any more than women should keep them so? Purity should be a human and not a sex aspiration. Note, too, his despairing cry: "What shall be done, what can be done with these women who insist upon knowing all that the men know" (even more, sometimes, save the mark!) "and who, by a certain not unreasonable claim of equality, propose to keep up with the masculine procession, share and share alike?" Why, just let them alone! Why try to elbow them out of this procession, which, with all due respect to Mr. Watterson, is better described as "human" than "masculine"?

The truth is that the world has been so busy trying to snub the serious woman and chivy her back to her "sphere," ere she destroy the race by mad orgies of thinking or learning, speaking, voting, working or practicing professions and otherwise deporting herself sanely and soberly, that it has just begun to perceive that the light woman, remaining strictly within the purlieus of orthodox femininity and practicing only the old craft of feminine charm, has calmly burst every bound and fractured every law laid down for her.

She has not asked for liberty; license is good enough for her.

She is challenging the world to-day with: "What are you going to do about it?" And what, indeed? She has been

ultra-feminine in her demands; she has not clamored to work nor speak nor "unsex herself" by voting, nor in any way to walk in the "masculine procession."

The world is just waking up to the stultification of the situation, looking about it and wondering "where it is at."

This stupefaction and confusion Mr. Watterson shares and voices when he paints for you a society presided over by Messalinas, and attributes its evils to the baleful short haired, eye glassed new woman who wants to walk in the "masculine procession."

Mr. Watterson is right when he says that "back of all this moral problem stands a great national and economic problem." He is wrong when he regards the "indifference of the guild of luxury and wealth" to the common rights of labor as "full of evil auguries." Economic wrongs and social abuses, like the reign of license, are but swelling that they may burst and afterward reconstruct on new lines.

Does any one believe that the mighty cornering of commodities and industry can continue as it is, or commerce return to where it was? Combination will swell and swell until it passes into something different from what we have known. There may be chaos, suffering, loss. There generally is in social changes, but they are going on just the same, and that on lines which none of us can categorically predicate.

Meantime, such utterances as Mr. Watterson's should be profoundly suggestive to us in the observation of such social changes, which to him "who hath eyes to see" furnish the material for the enchanting fairy tales of latter-day development.

ILLINOIS NOTES.

LEADING ILLINOIS MEN FAVOR TAX-PAYING WOMEN'S VOTING.

W. M. Hoyt writes: "When women taxpayers' rights are recognized and we have the benefit of their votes, we will have better government and social conditions. Let justice be done, and the better part of the human family, our women, will have equal rights, and their example and influence in political matters will be found as important and purifying as is their home influence."

N. Gottlieb writes that he believes in the principle of no taxation without representation in the case of women, and would be pleased to be of assistance.

Judge Henry M. Shepard and Thomas Brennan, the veteran member of the Chicago School Board, "wish the suffragists success in their worthy cause."

W. P. Black says he is in entire sympathy with the work to give women the ballot.

Judge Philip Stein writes: "I am heartily in favor of the movement to enlarge the rights of tax-paying women, and whatever I can do will cheerfully be done."

John A. King writes: "If I can serve the suffrage workers, I shall be glad to do so."

Hon. E. Detrick writes: "I am in entire sympathy and accord with the work, and hope the effort to secure the ballot for tax-paying women may succeed."

Judge Elbridge Hanecy writes: "I heart-

ly favor granting the ballot to tax-paying women, and will do what I can to bring the measure to success."

Maurice T. Moloney, the former Attorney-General of Illinois, and now Mayor of Ottawa, Ill., is a strong friend of woman's equality. He says:

"I know of no reason why women over twenty-one years of age should not vote in this State, not alone where they are tax-payers, but as freely and fully as men do now. The absurdity of giving the franchise to a lot of foreigners who do not understand, and, therefore, scarcely appreciate the genius of our institutions, and at the same time depriving intellectual native-born women of the same right, surpasses comprehension. I do not sympathize with the pretended fear (for I believe it only a pretense) of those male bipeds who play politics for a living, and who, I feel, do not love their country—that it would be dragging woman from her true position in the household into the arena of politics, thereby lowering her dignity, if she were permitted to vote; that it would ruin all her true womanly instincts, and entirely unfit her for social duties. It is the cropping out of the brutal, imperious instinct in man. . . . Of course, all this will give way in time, and I believe we approach more nearly towards an equality in our country than in any other."

PRESIDENT HARPER DENIES IT.

Mrs. Virginia D. Young of Fairfax, S. C., Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton of Warren, O., and doubtless many other women who have written expressing regret at the proposed abandonment of coeducation in the Junior College of Chicago University, have received letters from President Harper, assuring them in the most positive terms that coeducation will never be abolished in Chicago University, or in any department of it. This is singular. Is not the Junior College a department of the University? Is not President Harper using all his influence to have the young men and women in the Junior College separated at all their lectures and recitations? And, if so, in what sense does President Harper understand the English language? Those persons who would regard the proposed change as a calamity would do well to write to Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, Lake Geneva, Wis., president of the Board of Trustees, expressing their hope that this backward step will not be taken.—*Woman's Journal*.

The good and intelligent women are largely in the majority among the women voters of Denver.—*Rev. Francis Byrne, Canon of St. John's Cathedral, Denver.*

A few days ago the Trades' Union Congress in London voted down a resolution in favor of suffrage for women, while it adopted one in favor of making naturalization easier for foreign men. A correspondent writes from England:

The vote on woman suffrage stood 110 in the negative to 103 in favor. That is a close vote, and means that the workingmen are about to become advocates for complete equality. That in its turn means that Parliament will not be long in heeding the demand when they make it, if they are at all in earnest about it.